A Form of Birthing

Rae Winkelstein

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confetti of its own dead leaves, said to Todd, “Gotta go, dude, see ya.”

Her father and step-mom were pressing regions of their formalwear against the interiors of a sunlit church window, knocking on the glass as if to be shown through.

“Seeya,” Todd said, hiding under the lolling mass of the garden’s largest hasta—the church’s monument (placarded) to what, for plant life, is possible.

The ring Anya gave him only fit the very tip of his pinky. It gleamed there, a crown. He tapped the ring on the lid of Phet’s ash box—which made the pinky look like a little king, banging his head.

Rae Winkelstein

A FORM OF BIRTHING

At birth you can
I think the kindest bee;
Making yellow milk from
A wombat flee; I got a starved

Being. The curved part pretended
It was happy and full of milk,
That it was glad and fell about.
The warm part stank of eyes,

What a beginner I got. Stood all
Around the whatuary, we crossed it
Off lists, I think people knew
Things but did not yet know how to

Trap them things.

Now I have become so drunk I am a father
Cut away his blue sword
Cut away its cold perpetual rays

Because I have become the feeling
That I am a father underneath my cape
And underneath my sword

I feel I am another father
Old and peeled and planted
With long, involuntary teeth.

Removed from all light, yet
He will live, while frogs might live questionably,
Vomiting, drawn to a place frogs’ longing

Repeats in the waves: Earth has
No answer, so they feed it
They give their honey out

SIBLING

I had long hair, squat tail, and fins.
I spent warm summers by the beach up in Maine, I picked
Plump drupelings and I split their skins, funny how
You think you are a crow

Then are shown your original body
Then your head’s pleated scheme
Then all your bestial loss.

I am the receder of ponds, I stand still at the main frent
A darker mesh misleafing in the reeds: silica shreds
Are you ready, bristled Oh all with purpose
From the neck down: Equisetum are you merely willing…

And the pool grows shallow in the spring as a yellow bowel
& as light wandered the double eye-did
Septate too, in all the living strings, grew then into a strange delay:

Weren’t they bright
All knocking at the wrong time?